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PRACTICAL HINTS ON TOURING BY AUTOMOBILE

AUTOMOBILE tours have been the ambition of car owners ever since the automobile came in as a means of comfortable, speedy and reliable getting about and travel. Tours have been glorified in fiction—as witness the Williamsons' novels. They have been the subject of minute description concerning costume and expenditures. They are still written about, as witness Emily Post's "By Motor to the Golden Gate" which D. Appleton & Co. have brought out with capital illustrations and maps.

One wishes it were possible to quote Mrs. Post's lively descriptions from beginning to end. We know from her article on Tuxedo and other writings what keen analyses she can give of places, so that I am tempted right here to refer to her brief yet comprehensive summary of her tour by automobile from New York to the Golden Gate.

"When we started, I had an idea that, keen though we were to undertake the journey, we would find it probably difficult, possibly tiring, and surely monotonous—to travel on and on and on over the same American road, through towns that must be more or less replicas, and hearing always the same language and seeing the same types of people doing much the same things. Everyone who had never taken the trip assured us that our impression in the end would be of an unending sameness. Sameness! Was there ever such variety?

"New York was built, is building, will

ever be building in huge blocks of steel and stone, and the ambitious of every city and country in the world will keep pouring into it and crowding its floor space and shoving it up higher and higher into towering cubes. New York dominates the whole of the Western Hemisphere and weights securely the Eastern coast of the map, and because of all this weight and importance, New Yorkers fancy they are the Americans of America, but New York is not half as typically American as Chicago; and that is where you come to your first real contrast.

"Omnipotent New York, in contrast to ambitious Chicago. Chicago is American to her backbone—active, alive and inordinately desiring, ceaselessly aspiring. Between New York and Chicago is strung a chain of cities that have many qualities, like mixed samples of these two terminal points. But beyond Chicago, no trace of New York remains. Every city is spunky and busy, ambitious and sometimes a little self-laudatory. (New York is not self-laudatory; she is too supremely self-satisfied to think any remarks on the subject necessary.) Leaving the country of fields and woods and streams, you traverse that great prairie land of vast spaces, and finally ascend the heights of the mighty Rocky Mountains.

"The next contrast is in Colorado Springs, which is as unlike the rest of America as though St. Moritz itself had been grafted in the midst of our conti-

ment. All through New Mexico and Arizona you are in a strange land, far more like Asia than anything in the United States or Europe. A baked land of blazing sun, dynamic geological miracles, a land of terrible beauty and awful desolation, and then the sudden sharp ascent to the height of steep snow and conifer-covered mountains, looking even higher than the Rockies because of their abrupt needle-pointed heights. And finally, the greatest contrast climax of all, the sudden dropping down into the tropically blooming seacoast gardens of the California shore."

It goes without saying that only those who love motoring should ever undertake such a journey, nor is the crossing of our continent as smoothly easy as crossing Europe. But given good weather, and the right kind of a machine, there are no difficulties, in any sense, anywhere.

"There couldn't be a worse tenderfoot than I am, there really couldn't. I'm very dependent upon comfort, have little strength, less endurance, and hate 'roughing it' in every sense of the word. Yet not for a moment was I exhausted or in any way distressed, except about the unfitness of our car (for the purpose for which it was being used) and its consequent injuries, a situation which others, differently equipped, would not experience.

"I suppose the metamorphosis has come little by little all across our wide spirit-awakening country, but I feel as though I had acquired from the great open West a more direct outlook, a simpler, less encumbered view of life. You can't come in contact with people anywhere, without unconsciously absorbing a few of their habits, a tinge

of their point of view, and in even a short while you find you have sloughed off the skin of Eastern hidebound dependence upon ease and luxury, and that hitherto indispensable details dwindle—at least temporarily—to unimportance."

That is good analysis; and in the descriptions of what Mrs. Post saw are many literary touches. But one can also garner some very practical, hence valuable, hints on the outfitting for the automobile tour across the continent.

"Of course you are sending your servants ahead by train with your luggage and all that sort of thing," said an Englishman, when he heard of the proposed tour.

A New York banker answered for me: "Not at all! The best thing is to put them in another machine directly behind, with a good mechanic. Then if you break down the man in the rear and your own chauffeur can get you to rights in no time. How about your chauffeur? You are sure he is a good one?"

"We are not taking one, nor servants, nor mechanic, either?"

"Surely you and your son are not thinking of going alone! Probably he could drive, but who is going to take care of the car?"

"Why, he is!"

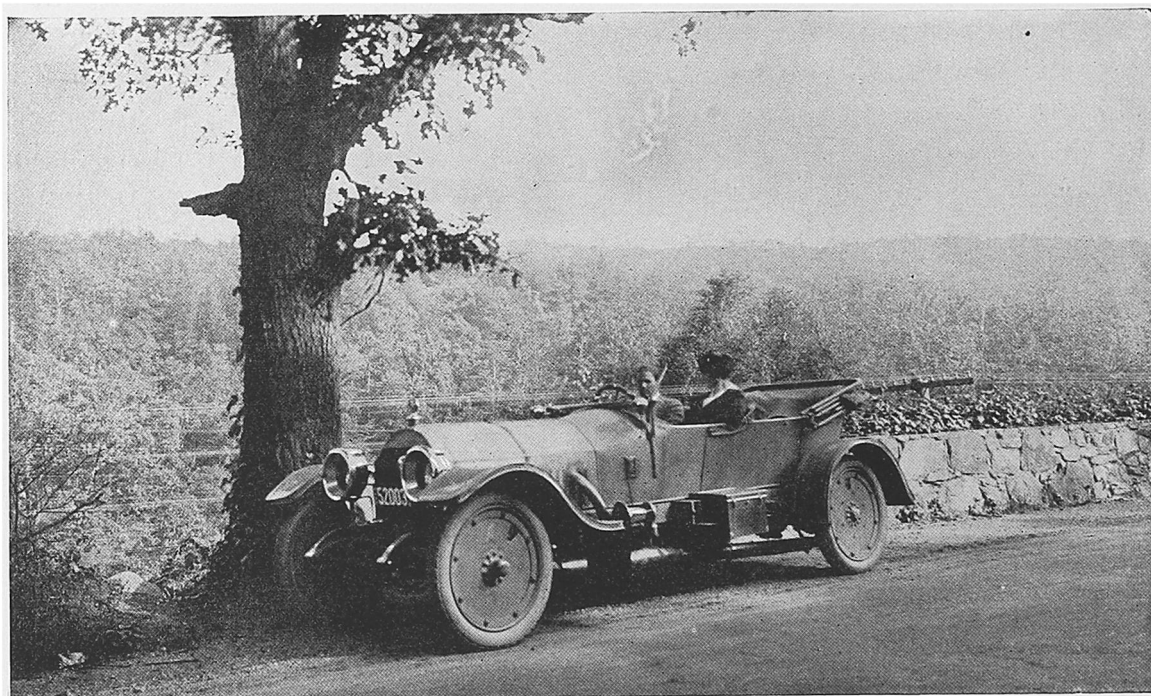
At that everyone interrupted at once. One thought we were insane to attempt such a trip; another that it was a "corking" thing to do. The majority looked upon our undertaking with typical New York apathy. "Why do anything so dreary?"

One would have thought that they were starting for the Congo or the North Pole! Friends and farewell gifts

poured in. It was quite thrilling, although Mrs. Post in the rôle of a venturesome explorer was a miscast somewhere. Every little while Edwards, the butler, brought in a new package. By far the most resplendent present was a marvel of a luncheon basket. Edwards staggered under its massiveness, and all gathered around its silver-laden contents; bottles and jars, boxes and dishes, flat silver and cutlery, enamel-

"SAN-FRAN-CIS-CO!!!" she called back. But not one of them believed her.

The thermometer was at about thirty when she left home, so she could think of nothing but serge coats of heavy weight, plaited skirts also nice and warm, sweaters of various thicknesses, and fur coats. There came almost a break in a heretofore happy family when she insisted that over the Rocky Mountains her son would need his



Still in New York State

ware and glass, food paraphernalia enough to set before all the kings of Europe.

"I could not bear," wrote the giver, "to think of your starving in the desert."

On their way up Fifth Avenue, two or three times in the traffic stops, they found the motors of friends alongside.

"Where are you going?" was the inevitable question.

Very importantly, Mrs. Post answered: "To San Francisco!"

"No, really, where are you going?"

heaviest coat. He refused to take a coonskin—"Heaven praise his intuition on that!"—but obligingly brought a huge ulster. They had not gone fifty miles from New York when the sun came out hot, and ever after was trying to show how heat is produced in the tropics. The car was loaded down with wraps for the Rockies, and in the heat not one thin dress had Mrs. Post brought.

"On the subject of clothes in general—we had far too many!" They were

found a perfect nuisance! Yet each traveler needs a heavy coat, a thin coat or sweater, a duster and a rug or two—and there is a huge bundle already. Then possibly a dressing-case for each, and surely a big valise of some sort, either suit-case or motor trunk. Added to this are innumerable necessities—Blue Books, a camera, food paraphernalia, an extra hat—most women want an extra hat, and men, too, for that matter—and though goggles and veils are worn most of the time, they have to be put somewhere. All of these last items, Mrs. Post found, would go too wonderfully in a silk bag. It was of taffeta, made exactly like an ordinary pillow-case with a running string at one end; it was about twenty inches wide and thirty inches long. E. M.'s (her son's) straw hat, Celia's (her friend's) extra hat, and her own all went in it, beside veils and gloves and other odds and ends. It weighed nothing; it went on top of everything else and, tied through the handle of a dressing-case by its own strings, was in no danger of blowing out. "Why hats traveled in it without crushing like broken eggshells, I don't know, but they did."

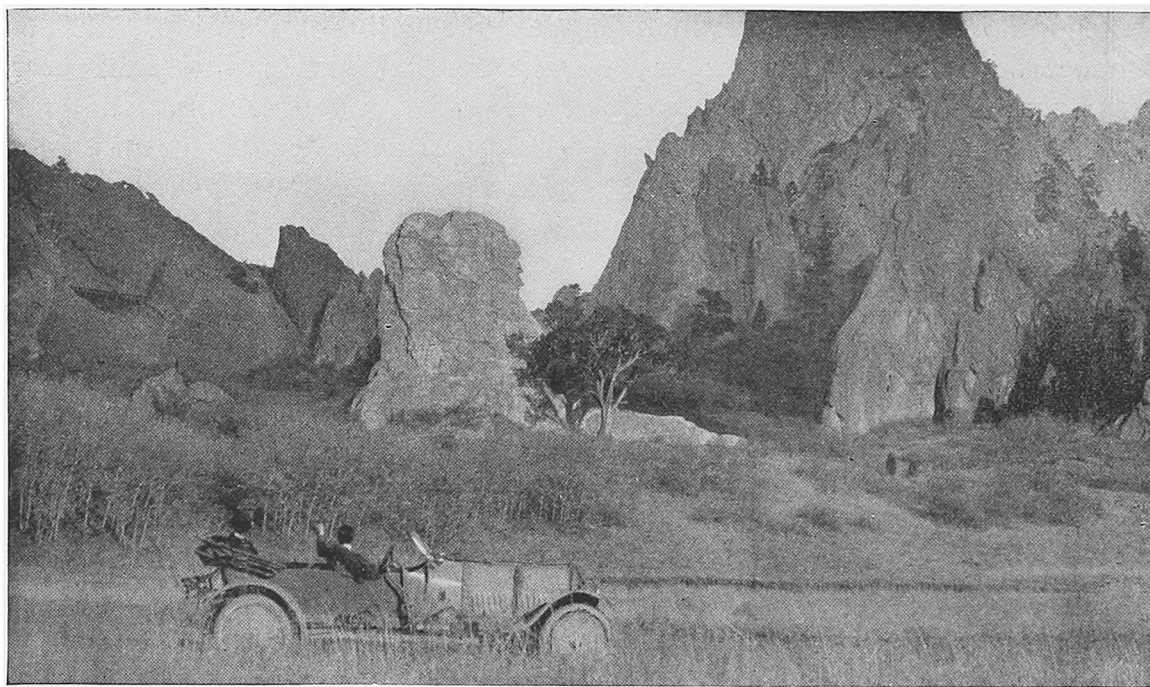
Offering advice on clothes for a motor trip may be much like offering advice on what to wear walking up the street. But on the chance that in a perfectly commonplace list there may be an item of use to someone, THE LOTUS gives the inventoried list of things that she says she would duplicate, were she taking the trip over again:

First: A coat and pleated skirt of a material that does not show creases. Maltreat a piece first, to see. With this one suit, half a dozen easily washed blouses and a sleeveless overwaist of

the material of the skirt, which, worn over a chiffon underblouse, makes a whole dress, instead of an odd shirt-waist and skirt. These underblouses are merely separate chiffon linings with sleeves and collars, and half a dozen can be put in the space of a pound candy-box—yet give the same service as six waists to your dress.

On an ordinary motoring trip such as over the various well-worn tours of Northeastern States or of the Pacific Coast or Europe, where you arrive in the early afternoon with plenty of time to rest for a while and dress for dinner, several restaurant or informal evening-dresses may be useful, but crossing the Continent, unless you stop over several day in the cities where you have friends, in which case you can send a trunk ahead, it is often late when you arrive, and any dressing further than getting clean and tidy does not strongly appeal to you. Besides one suit and blouses, a very serviceable dress to take would be a simple house dress of some sort of uncreasable silk. There is a Chinese crêpe that nothing wrinkles—not to be confused with many varieties of crêpes de chine that crease like sensitive plants at a mere touch.

"If I expected to go through towns where I might be dining out, I would add an evening dress of black jet or cream lace—two materials that stand uncreasingly any amount of packing. Otherwise my third and last would be a silk skirt and jacket—the skirt of black and white up and down stripes with white chiffon blouses, and the jacket black. The taffeta should be of the heavy soft variety that does not crack and muss. The skirt should be unlined and cut with straight seams



In the Garden of Gods, Colorado



Across the Real Desert, Arizona

gathered on a belt; a dress that folds in a second of time and in a few inches of space. With the coat on, it is a street dress; coat off (with a high girdle to match the skirt), it is whatever the top of the blouse you wear makes it."

"A duster is, of course, indispensable. A taffeta one is very nice, especially when you want something better-looking, but on a long journey taffeta cracks, dirt constantly sifts through it and it can't be washed as linen can. In the high altitudes of the Southwest, a day of tropical heat is followed by a penetratingly cold night. The thermometer may not be actually low and the air seem soft and delicious, but it sifts through fabrics in the way a biting wind can, and you are soon thankful if you have brought a heavy wrap. When you need it, nothing is as comfortable as fur. I took an old seal-skin coat and I don't know what I should have done without it. On my personal list, a mackintosh has no place. If it rains, the top is up, and to keep wind out, I'd rather have fur."

Nor are shoes under ordinary fortunate circumstances important. But on Mrs. Post's list were "velvet slippers." Scarcely your idea of appropriate motoring footwear, but if your seat is the front one over the engine, you will find velvet the coolest material there is—cooler than buckskin, or suède, or kid or canvas—much! And if you want to walk, your luggage, after all, is with you.

Every woman knows the kind of hat she likes to wear. But does every woman realize, that a hat to be worn nine or eleven hours across a wind-swept prairie must offer no more resistance than the helmet of a race driver? A helmet,

by the way, made to fit your head and face is ideally comfortable. A hat that the wind catches very little won't bother you in a few hours, but at the end of ten, your head will feel stone-bruised. An untrimmed toque, very small and close, and tied on with a veil is just about as comfortable as a helmet. It has the disadvantage of having no brim, but yellow goggles mitigate the glare, and it is the brim, even though it be of the inverted flower-pot turn-down, that is a pocket for wind that at the end of a few hours pulls uncomfortably.

A real suggestion to the woman who minds getting sunburnt, is an orange-colored chiffon veil. It must be a vivid orange that has a good deal of red in it. Even with the blazing sun of New Mexico and California shining straight in your face, a single thickness of orange-colored chiffon will keep you from burning at all. If you can't see through chiffon, but mind freckling or burning, to say nothing of blistering, sew an orange-colored veil across the lower rims of your goggles and wear orange-colored glasses. Cut a square out of the top so as to leave no sun space on your temples, and put a few gathers over the nose to allow it to fit your face. Fasten sides over hat like any veil. The Southwestern sun will burn your arms through sleeves of heavy crêpe de chine, but the thinnest material of orange—red is next best—protects your skin in the same way that the ruby glass of a lantern in a photographer's developing room protects a sensitive plate.

Wear the thinnest and least amount of underwear that you can feel decently clad in, so as to get as many fresh changes as possible in the least space, because

of the difficulty in stopping often to have things laundered. What they put in the clothes in Southern California I don't know, but in any mixture of linen and silk, the silk has been apparently dipped in blue dye. A cream-colored silk-and-linen shirt of E. M.'s that happened to have the buttonholes worked in silk, is now a stippled green with buttonholes of navy blue. It is rather putting your belongings to the test of virtue—as those which are pure silk wash perfectly well. “If I were going again I should take everything I could of thin *crêpe de chine*. It seems to be very easy to launder, and is everywhere returned in a clean and comfortably soft condition, whereas linen often comes back uncertain as to color and feeling like paper.”

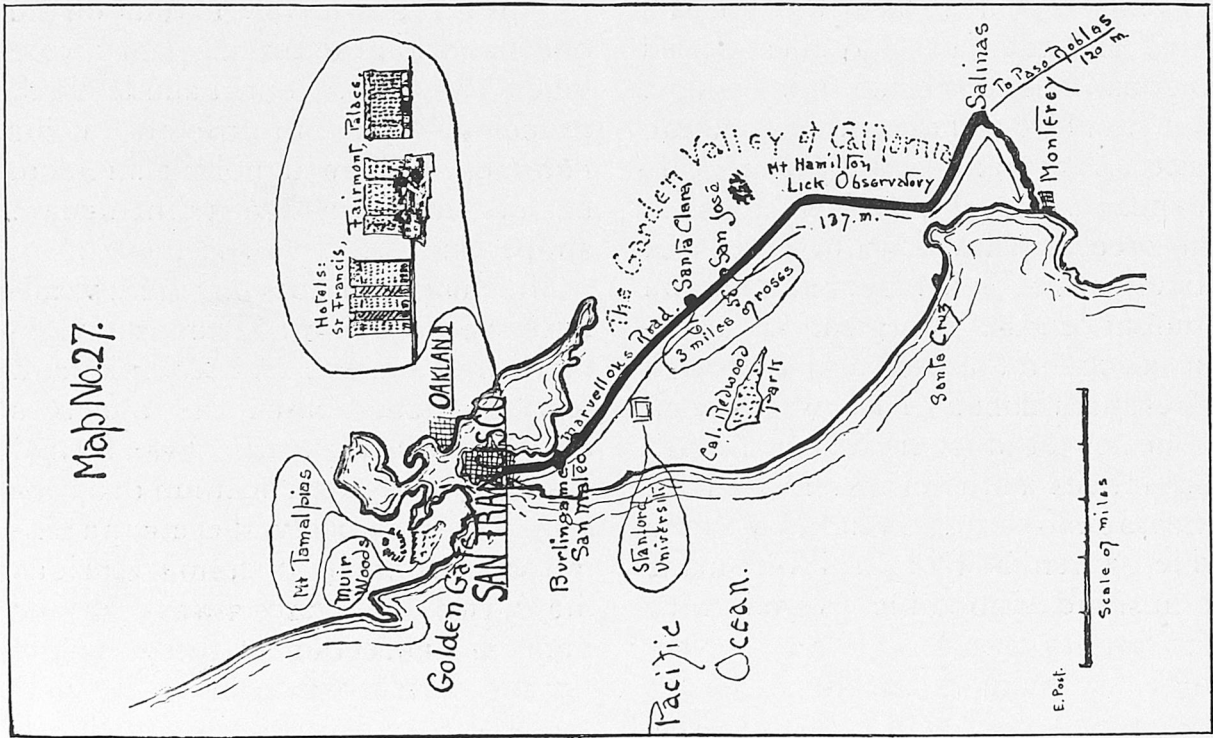
And remember: Plain skirts crease in half-moons across the back, pleated or very full ones don't. An orange veil prevents sunburn. Western climate is very trying to the skin, so that you need cold cream even if you don't use it at home. A lace veil of a rather striking pattern is at times of ugliness a great beautifier.

It would be unfair to take leave of Mrs. Post's book without quoting from at least one of her many fascinating descriptions—for instance, the Painted Desert of Arizona. “There was the consciousness of an experience too beautiful to waste a moment of. I could not bear to go to sleep. Overhead was the wide inverted bowl of purple blue made of an immensity of blues overlaid with

blues that went through and through forever, studded with its myriad blinking lamps lit suddenly all together, and so close I felt that I could almost reach them with my hand.

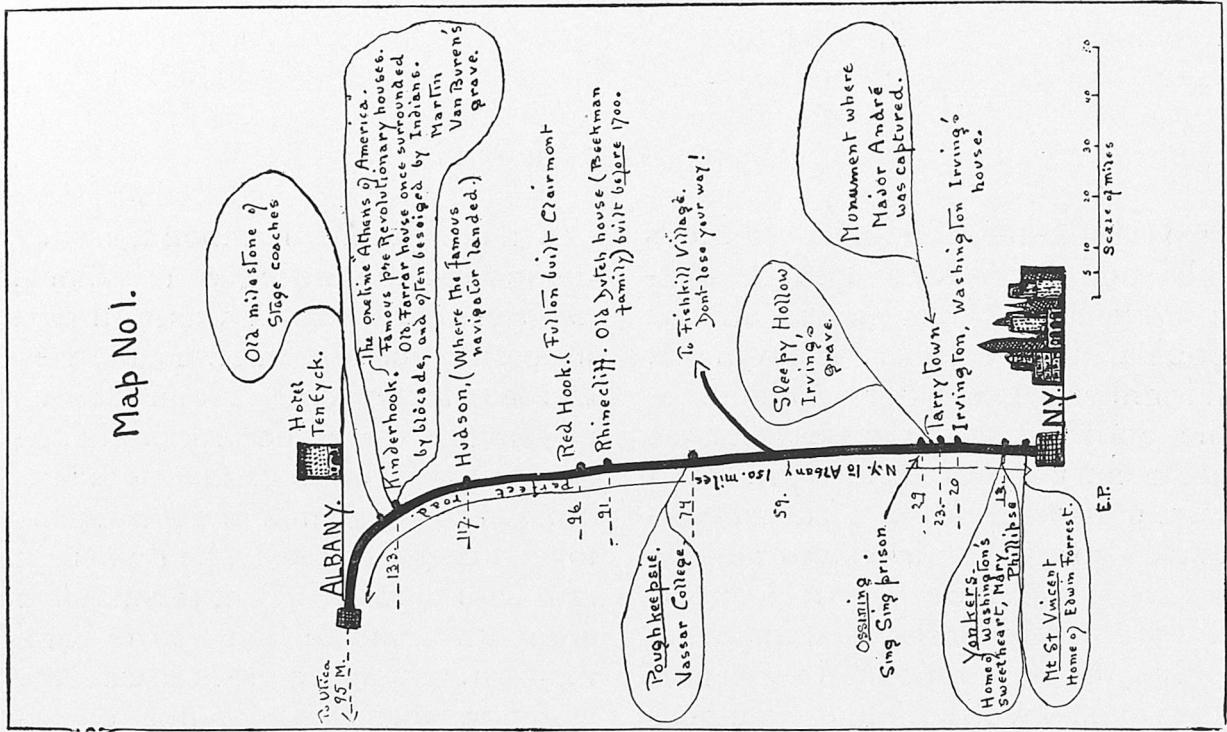
“I really don't know whether I slept or not, but the thing I became conscious of was the beginning of the dawn. Overhead the heaven was still that deep unfathomable blue. In the very deepest of its color the crescent moon and single star glowed with a light rayless as it was dazzling. Over near the horizon the blue lightened gradually to pale azure and deepened where it rested on the brown purple rim of the desert to a band of reddish orange, very soft, very melting. Gradually the moon and star grew dim like turned-down lamps against a heaven turning turquoise. Down in the valley hung a mist of orchid against which the black branches of a nearby cedar were etched in Japanese silhouette. Far, far on the north horizon the clouds of day were herded, waiting. Then a single cloud advanced, dipped itself in rose color and edged itself with gold; a streak of red, as from a giant's paint-brush, swept across the sky. A moment of waiting more and then the great blinding sun peered above the eastern mountains' rim and the clouds broke and scattered like cotton-wool sheep across their pasture skies. The moon turned into a little curved feather dropped from a bird's breast and the star a pinprick; yet in their hour, how glorious they were!”

Map No. 27.



Monterey to San Francisco

Map No. 1.



New York to Albany